VOL. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1900. NO. 11.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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Quaker Oats FOR CHILDREN

EAT MORE Quaker Oats LESS MEAT

"WHICH WOULD YOU BE?" ASKED HE.

LITTLE FOLKS

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THE GENTLEMAN IN GREEN.

BETWEEN two stones I set my pail,
And sat down where the willows trail,
To make myself a fairy-tale.
An elf in green (very small size),
Leaped with a splash before my eyes—
I hope I did not show surprise—

And grinned and blinked and wagged his head!
Then perching on a stone, he said,
"So, Mary Ariana Bell!
Head up! Eyes right! Be pleased to tell
If you could choose, which would you be
Of all the creatures that you see?"

Said I, "Well—jumping rope is play
That's tiresome; so I should not stay
A grasshopper, and jump all day!
A bumble-bee would *never* do,
Because one likes to play—don't you?
And bees work all the summer through.

"I have it! I should be a bird!
They never have to learn a word,
But only sing and sing and sing,
And cleave the air on bright blue wing—
At least my reading-book says that."
He laughed until from where he sat

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He nearly rolled into the brook.
"Now, my young friend, suppose we look

"Into this matter. There's the nest,
Built twig by twig. Birds do not rest
From rising until setting sun,
Unless their house is built and done—
And carrying timber is no fun!

"They hunt their food from far and nigh!
They feed their young and teach to fly."
"I had not thought of that," said I;
"I think I'd be a silver fish."
Said he, "A very foolish wish!

"The cruel hook would be your end.
You'd better understand, my friend,
That all these creatures have to work.
If you alone would live to shirk,
Why then"—he gave his head a twirl—
"*You'd better be a little girl!*"

"O no!" said I, "I've just the thing!
It cannot run, nor fly, nor sing,
I've never seen it work or play,
But all the livelong summer day
Just sits upon a stone or log—
I think I'd better be a *frog!*"

O but he gave a blinking look!
He splashed head-foremost in the brook,
Splashed all my dress and luncheon-pail,
And ended up my fairy-tale.
He wasn't as polite as I,
I know he was displeased. But why?

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE GROWLING BEAR.

UNDER THE BIG UMBRELLA.

IT was three o'clock and by half after three Jimsy's sister Cicely would come home from the city, and the car-station was a quarter of a mile down the street, and it was raining Niagaras—that was what Jimsy's mother said when she looked out.

It had been clear and sunny when Cicely went away in the morning. She was invited to a lovely birthday luncheon, and she wore her newest things. She didn't think of wearing her overshoes, and she didn't take her mackintosh, nor did she carry an umbrella. For nobody would have thought that it *could* rain.

Now the rain made it so dark that Jimsy's mother had to turn on the electric light in the sewing-room. Jimsy had been playing "wild animals" in the dining-room with a "cave" made of Ann's shawl and the big umbrella, and it had been growing so dark and gloomy in the cave for the last half hour that he was almost afraid of his own growlings—for Jimsy was the bear in the cave, you know.

Jimsy's mother did not see how Cicely could get home from the car-station. Ann could not go to meet her, for she had a big baking of bread on hand. Grandma could not go, for she was too lame. Jimsy's mother could not go, for the dressmaker had come to fit her gown and must leave at four—Jimsy's mother could not possibly go.

There was nobody but little Jimsy, and Grandma said he was too small to carry the big umbrella, for he was not much more than a baby, even if he did wear trousers.

But Jimsy's mother went into the dining-room, and said, "Jimsy, you could carry the big umbrella and go to meet sister, couldn't you?"

Jimsy crawled out of his cave, and then jumped for joy, for he never had carried an umbrella all alone, all himself, in all his life.

"My own self?" he shouted, and he hugged his mother around the knees, and he said, "Mama, I love you more'n our house, and Mrs. Panton's house, and Anna Blenkinsop's house, and Mr. Tompkins' house, and the Biggs's house, and the church!"

Jimsy always measured his love that way—by bigness of things.

He didn't need his overcoat, because this was a nice warm rain, and his mother drew on his little overshoes and settled his cap close, and tucked Cicely's overshoes under his arm, and she helped him down the front steps and opened the gate for him, and then Jimsy marched away.

It was all dry and safe and delightful under the big umbrella. The drops pattered on it with hundreds of little patters, but not one could fall on Jimsy. You could not see any of the world outside of the big umbrella. You could only hear the rain roaring out there. And the drops on the umbrella-roof sounded exactly like the rain on the tent when Jimsy camped in the mountains once, all safe and warm in the tent-bed, close beside Mama.

Jimsy couldn't see into the yards as he walked by with the umbrella-roof low over his head, but he knew when he came to

each one, because he could smell the different flowers. In Mrs. Panton's yard there was mignonette, and in Anna Blenkinsop's there were sweet peas, all in blossom, and in Mrs. Biggs's there was sweet-brier.

And as Jimsy went along he chanted in a sort of a little tune, "This is Mrs. Panton's house—this is Mrs. Blenkinsop's—and this is Mrs. Biggs's!"

Mrs. Panton's daughter Mary met Jimsy and she said, "How do you do, cricket?" And John Biggs met him and he said, "Hello, umbrella, where are you going with that boy?" And then his kindergarten teacher met him and she said, "Why, little man!" so sweetly that it almost made Jimsy's heart ache with pleasure. He had only smiled at the others, but to his teacher he said, "I am going to meet my sister. Mama sent me."

TO MEET CICELY.

When Cicely stepped off the car she looked frightened at the rain. But in a minute she saw Jimsy waiting, with his happy little face, under the big umbrella, and she cried out, "Oh, you darling little man!"

Jimsy held the umbrella over her while she slipped on the overshoes, and shortened her dress with a pin or two, and then Cicely took hold of the handle, intending to carry it over them both, going home, because, you know, she was twelve years old, and taller than Jimsy.

You wouldn't have thought the tears could reach Jimsy's

cheeks so soon! But they did. And his little lip trembled, and he would not let go of the handle, and his voice was full of cry-quivers, as he pleaded with Cicely.

"I am come to meet you, Cicely! Papa carries the 'brellow over Mama when he goes to meet her. I can hold it, Cicely! See!"

Then he tried to hold it high, and sweet Cicely laughed, and crept under the umbrella as well as she could, all bent over, as if she were playing dwarf; and Cicely and Jimsy walked home that way.

The rain dripped on the tip of Cicely's loveliest plume and on the hem of her dress, but when they opened the hall-door and were safe out of the rain, and Jimsy had closed the umbrella all by himself, she kissed Jimsy on both cheeks, and she said, "Thank you, little man!"

And at dinner that evening Cicely said, "Papa, do guess who kindly came to the car to meet me with the umbrella this afternoon!"

And Papa guessed, "Old Mr. Bumbleby—Grandma—Ann—Quong Chung—the minister's son—Mr. Smith the policeman"—until Jimsy could bear it no longer, and clapped his hands and shouted:

"No! no! no! *I* did! *I* did!"

"Yes, Papa, it was my brother who came to meet me," said Cicely. And was not Cicely a sweet sister?

Lucia Chase Bell.

ROSALIE IN OVERALLS.

SHE swept the paths, she spaded dirt,
No stain the overalls could hurt,
She used her little legs so plump
To run, and hop, and dance, and jump.

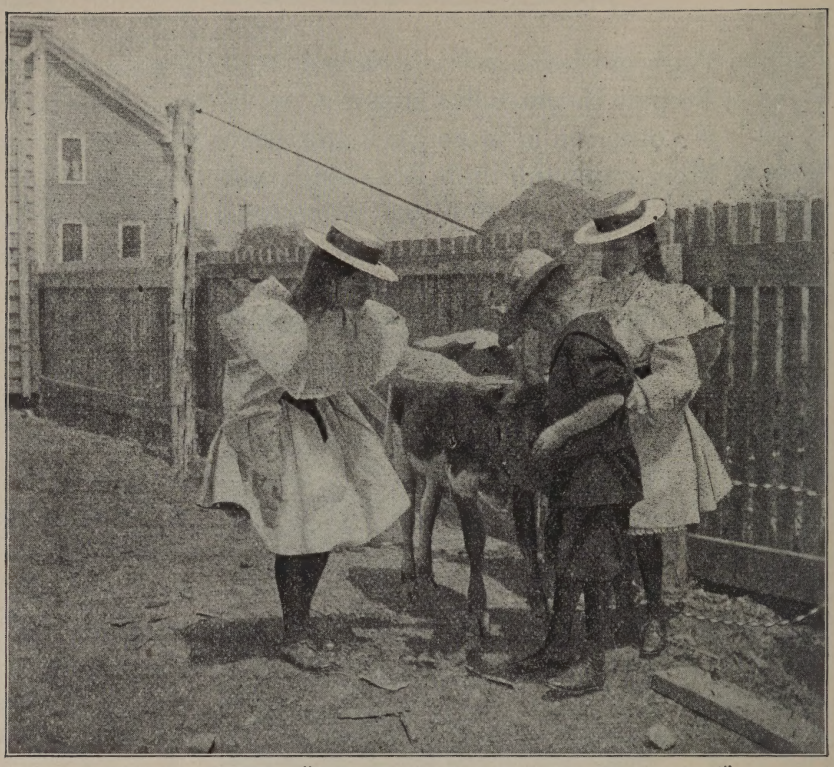
With petticoats all safe-tucked in,
To play in water was no sin;
No other child more glad, more free,
More happyful, than Rosalie!

ROSALIE.

And then some naughty, roguish girls,
In dresses starched, in hats and curls,
Changed into weeping all this joy,
By calling out, "Oh! you're a boy!"

But Mama chased the tears away,
And brought the laughter back to stay—
She said, "*My* girl you'll always be;
Was ever boy named Rosalie?"

Helen A. Hawley.



GOING BACK TO TOWN.—"GOOD-BYE, SPOTTY DEAR: SCHOOL BEGINS MONDAY!"

A LITTLE GIRL LAFAYETTE KISSED.

"IS it a pretty day?" was the first thought of little Rosalie Taylor as she opened her eyes, one morning long ago.

She jumped out of bed and ran to the window to see for herself. Yes, it was a pretty day; warm, for October; very clear and sunshiny, and not dusty, for there had been a light rain the day before. Rosalie had gone to bed afraid that the next day might be wet, but this morning the weather was all that a little girl could wish; and she ran off in high glee to her nurse to be dressed.

Others besides little Rosalie had been anxiously watching the sky for the last twenty-four hours. This was to be a great day

for the old town of Alexandria—then a part of the District of Columbia; for it was the sixteenth of October, 1824, and the great French general, Lafayette, who was on a visit to America, was expected to arrive in town that afternoon.

He was to be welcomed by all sorts of grand entertainments and ceremonies. Even little Rosalie, who was only about six years old, was to have a share in the welcome. She had been appointed to stand with a great many other little folks—two hundred in all—in the street through which Lafayette was to pass on his way to the reception hall, and strew the General's path with flowers. Besides this, Rosalie was to recite a poem which had been written as a greeting to the famous friend of the American people.

The morning seemed long to Rosalie, although she was allowed to go out on the street awhile, to see the decorations, and the mustering of the soldiers who were to march in the procession in the afternoon. The town looked very gay and fine. On Washington street stood a grand arch which had been erected in honor of the visit. It was covered with flowers and laurel leaves, with portraits of Washington and Lafayette, and had French and American flags waving from the top.

Even little Rosalie knew why these two flags were there, and why people were taking so much trouble to make General Lafayette enjoy his visit. She had been told how he had come over to this country, years before, to help the American people in their struggle to become a free and happy nation.

Over the center of the arch was a cage in which was a live eagle that somebody had lent for the purpose. Oh, how sulky he looked with his feathers ruffled up about his neck, and his cruel yellow eyes blinking at the crowds—not a bit like the glorious wide-winged creature that Rosalie had seen in pictures! The little girl felt sorry for him, and wished she could see him soaring in the air instead of sitting cramped in his cage.

At last it was time for Rosalie to go home and be dressed. She was put into a tight-waisted, short-sleeved white frock with a long skirt, much longer than little girls wear now-a-days, with a ruffle around the bottom. Her stockings were white, and her

little low shoes were strapped up around her ankles with crossed black ribbons. Then they tied a blue sash around her waist, set a big Leghorn bonnet of a "poke" shape over her bright hair and sweet little face, and all pronounced her the most "beauteous" child that they had ever seen.

To-day her little costume might be thought very prim and ugly; but children were just as sweet and pretty at that time as they are now, in spite of the queer clothes they wore.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

Rosalie was taken to Royal street and placed at the head of the long double rows of children that were standing there. The other little girls were dressed like herself, in white and blue, while the boys wore blue suits with pink sashes and rosettes. All carried armfuls of flowers.

After a while the children heard that the procession had entered the town. Lafayette had been driven over from Washington, eight miles away, in a private carriage, and had begun to pass through the principal streets. He was greeted everywhere by shouts of joy and the waving of handkerchiefs. First came the marshals and some of the soldiers on horseback; then the handsome carriage in which sat General Lafayette, drawn by four horses; then more soldiers on horseback and on foot, and then a great number of citizens.

The eagle behaved beautifully after all. As the General's carriage passed under the arch, the big bird flapped his wings and screamed aloud. How the people shouted then! It is still hinted in Alexandria that a boy climbed up and stuck a pin into the eagle to make him flutter about; but, however this may

STATUE OF LAFAYETTE, BY PAUL BARTLETT, PRESENTED TO FRANCE, JULY 4, 1900, BY THE CHILDREN OF THE UNITED STATES.

be, he certainly looked much better than if he had sat there cross and stupid, as he had been all the morning.

Finally the procession turned into Royal street. Here it halted and General Lafayette and his friends got out of their carriages to walk the rest of the way. When they were close to the lines of children, someone whispered to Rosalie, "Now, dear, it is your turn. Speak as loud as you can!"

Rosalie stepped out of the line and stood looking up into the face of the "Hero of Two Worlds." He was not really a tall man, but to Rosalie he seemed very tall. His forehead was high, and his eyes were gray and bright. Then Rosalie began to speak. Her little heart beat fast, and her voice trembled at first, but soon became so sweet and clear that almost everybody in that immense crowd could hear the lines which she recited:

"Fayette, friend of Washington,
Freedom's children greet thee here.
Fame for thee our hearts has won,
Flows for thee the grateful tear.

Lov'd and honor'd 'Nation's Guest,'
Long may'st thou with us remain:
Leave us, when thou sink'st to rest,
Life eternal to obtain."

Then, as she had been taught to do, she looked back at the other children and added:

"Happiness today is ours;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers!"

At the word, the boys and girls scattered their armfuls of flowers along the General's path. The brave old Frenchman had stopped in pleased surprise as Rosalie began to speak. The tears now rushed into his eyes; he stooped and lifted the blushing child in his arms, while he gave her a kiss, as if she had been some dear little girl of his own.

Then the General and his friends passed slowly along their flower-strewn way to the reception hall, while the children were led back to the arch and dismissed.

"Rosalie," said her father to her that evening, "you must never forget this day!"

And she never did forget it; for about two years ago, when she was little Rosalie no longer, but an old, old lady with white curls and a cap, she told this story to a friend of mine, and said that the day when Lafayette kissed her was the proudest day of her life.

Seventy-six years have gone by since the children of America went out, all over the land, in charming processions, with their flowers and flags and songs and speeches, to welcome Lafayette "the Nation's Guest," wherever he passed; and now, in this last year of the century, the school-children of the United States have again done honor to the young French General, who stood "America's Friend" when she was in trouble. With their own money they have presented to France a noble equestrian statue of Lafayette in his youth; and in Paris, on the Fourth of July, it was set in its place in front of the old palace of the Louvre, and unveiled with beautiful ceremonies.

Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

FIELD DAISIES.

All summer the Field Daisies,
They hold their heads so high,
To many little Grasses
They seem to touch the sky.

The Daisies—they are noble,
The tiny Grasses think;
And many a little Weedling
Is ready half to shrink

When they appear—the Daisies,
So noble and so high!
To many little Grasses
They seem to touch the sky!

M. J. H.

AT THE BEACH.—PLAYING HE IS SHIP-WRECKED.

ROWENA'S ARITHMETIC.

IN a tiny house, away up on the side of a mountain, Rowena lived, with her father and mother and Baby-brother. Rowena was five and a half, a chunky, rosy, little girl, with grey eyes and reddish-whitish hair. Baby-brother was exactly like Rowena, excepting that he was smaller and hadn't any freckles —Rowena had thousands of them.

They were not yellow, fade-y freckles such as some people have, but round, brown freckles, packed close together.

Sometimes Rowena's father called her "Turkey-egg," and sometimes her mother called her "Dotty-dear," and there's no knowing what Baby-brother might have called her if he could have said anything except "Goo, goo!"

Rowena's mother put buttermilk on the freckles every night, and she made Rowena wear "half-handed" cotton gloves and a sun-bonnet, but the freckles never grew fewer.

Rowena wished very much to go to school, but of course she could not, because the school-house was three miles away; so her mother had to teach her little lessons at home. Rowena could read such sentences as these:

"*This is an ax. This ax is mine. A-x, ax. Do you go up? I go up, up, up.*"

But Rowena did not care so very much about reading. The ax did not interest her. What she liked was arithmetic; she wanted to learn about numbers.

And you could never guess how she learned to count!

Her mother told her to count her *freckles!*

That seems a big job for a little girl to undertake, but Rowena was delighted.

Rowena could count only ten, when she began: Baby-brother's ten little pigs and his ten little fingers. But the first day

BABY-BROTHER HELPS COUNT.

she counted up to seventeen—there were seventeen freckles on her left fore-finger. Her mother showed her how to write seventeen in figures on a piece of paper.

The second day she counted these again, and the freckles on the next finger—there were twenty-three. The third finger had twenty-one, and the little finger had only twelve. Altogether she had seventy-three finger freckles on her left hand.

Then Rowena began on her right-hand fingers, and found ninety-four freckles; and when she came down to the backs of her hands and her wrists, the numbers got larger and larger.

After she had finished her hands, Rowena began on her forehead. She would sit by the hour looking into the little round hand-glass, pointing her finger at each freckle. Sometimes she would lose her place and have to begin over; sometimes her mother would wish she had let Rowena learn to count in another way; sometimes Baby-brother, watching her dot her finger, would reach over with his finger and make a wobbly punch at her, saying "Goo, goo!"

Rowena managed her nose and chin very well, but her pink cheeks were so broad and fat and so crowded with freckles she could hardly keep her place at all and the numbers grew larger and larger. She had to hunt for the freckles in the curves of her ears, but she never gave up. Her mother added together the numbers for her, and by the time Rowena was six she had counted two thousand three hundred and seventeen freckles!

These are the numbers Rowena's mother had set down on the piece of paper:

Left fingers,	73	Nose,	47
Right fingers,	94	Chin,	19
Right hand,	231	Right cheek,	372
Left hand,	197	Left cheek,	396
Right wrist,	219	Right ear,	17
Left wrist,	201	Left ear,	21
Both thumbs,	110	Front neck,	199
Forehead,	121		
		Total,	2317

These were not all of the freckles, for of course Rowena could not see the back of her little neck.

Ida J. Bane.

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY.

CHAPTER XI.—The Monkey's Cap and Ear-rings.

BILLY Boy said he didn't see how girls could care to make dolls' clothes. Now to have such a monkey as that at the fair was a different thing from having a doll!

The sailor had said that monkey was worth a hundred dollars, and the fun they were going to have with him wasn't to be counted by dollars!

Billy Boy told every one that he was with Bee when she bought that hurdy-gurdy and monkey instead of a doll. They were going to have a show with him in their barn and make ten times as much money to add to the church fair fund as the doll would have sold for.

Think of the fun, too!

The missing drum had arrived by express, and even while the rain was pouring, the Pekoe Guards, every boy of the Company, had come to see it. And they all said that there couldn't have been a handsomer drum, or one that made a better rat-a-tat-tat, or a bigger rumble and roar.

It just fitted Tommy Pritchard too! You could see him behind it. It didn't look all drum and no boy, as Bee had feared it might. The Browns had to put their fingers in their ears until Mama Brown sent the Pekoe Guards out to the barn.

When the boys had all gone and Billy Boy and Bob wanted to do a little drumming by themselves—for the drum was left in the Captain's care—those girls, Bee and Pinky Jones, wanted them to hold the lantern so they could look through the rag-bags!

They couldn't wait until morning because Peter Pew might be off with his wagon before they were up.

Even Pinky Jones seemed to have forgotten all about her dear lost yellow-capped monkey and to be thinking of nothing but the pretty scraps for dolls' clothes they should find in Peter Pew's rag-bags.

Bob and Billy Boy took turns. Bob held the lantern and Billy Boy drummed. Then Billy Boy held the lantern and Bob

drummed. Now and then old Ann, the cook, called to them not to set anything on fire. They found some pink silk, and some blue dotted muslin, and enough yellow satin to cover a doll's parasol. That was what Pinky wanted very much, something to cover a doll's parasol. And she said that yellow was very becoming to her doll's complexion.

"Here's another bit of yellow," said Bee, who was the kind of little girl to want another little girl to have what she wanted.

Something was caught in the bit of yellow—a little dangling ear-ring! And when the bit of yellow stuff was pulled out and straightened—a dingy bit of felt or flannel—what do you think it proved to be? A monkey's cap!

"My dear Beppo's cap!" cried Pinky Jones. "There is the featherstitch border that I worked around the edge myself! And one of his ear-rings! I should know it anywhere by the little scallops. Oh, do you suppose he is dead?"

"The other monkey had lost his red cap and he wasn't dead," said Bee comfortingly. "Perhaps we can find out where Peter Pew got the yellow cap and ear-ring!" she added hopefully.

A little farther down in the bag they found the other ear-ring. There was nothing to show where it had come from and Bee and Pinky Jones could hardly sleep that night for wondering whether Peter Pew would know.

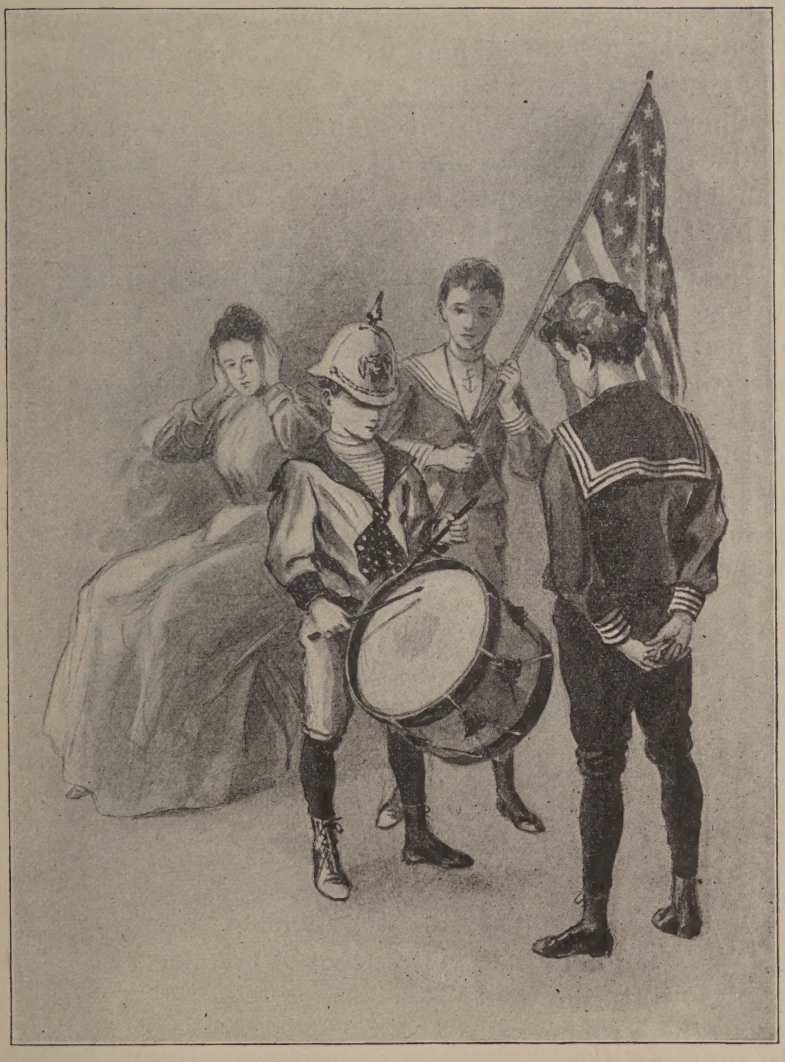
Bob Brown said of course they never would find the monkey; it was just like girls to think they could. And Billy Boy was afraid that if they did Bee would want to change monkeys. He wanted her to keep the one that was worth a hundred dollars and could be taught to do any kind of a trick.

He said he had seen from the first that the pumpkin monkey wasn't such a foolish little fellow as Yellow Cap.

Peter Pew came back in the middle of the next forenoon. It was just as he had thought; the automobile had run away with Orlando!

It had carried him into a swamp, miles away from Philibeg. There the machinery had given out but Orlando had mended it, all by himself.

He knew all about automobiles now and was going to make



IT DIDN'T LOOK ALL DRUM AND NO BOY.

Peter an automobile tin cart—a cart that would go spinning along so fast that the brooms and feather dusters would shake and shake and the tins would rattle—and no horse!

Peter's mind was so full of this idea that it was hard to make him try to remember where he got the monkey's cap and ear-rings. But at last he clapped his great hands and said it had just come to him that it wasn't because rags were down so low that old Mrs. Pinchley, up to Damsonfield, had been so cross yesterday. Old Mrs. Pinchley was very apt to be cross. Yesterday, it was because her granddaughter Patty wanted to keep a monkey that she had brought home in the farm wagon from Gobang.

The monkey had a way of taking off his cap and taking out his ear-rings and throwing them upon the floor. Old Mrs. Pinchley had said that she wouldn't have them under foot and had tossed them into the rags that he was buying of her.

"Then Patty Pinchley of Damsonfield has my dearest Beppo!" said Pinky Jones. "I will go straight up there to-morrow morning and get him!"

"No, she hasn't got him now," said Peter Pew. "Her grandmother wouldn't let her keep him. She had to give him away!"

(*To be concluded.*)

Sophie Swett.

WITH THE ROBINS.

WHAT do you say to a scramble
Through that wild thicket of bramble,
Down to the wall
Where robins call
And blackberries love to ramble?
What do you say
To taking a day
And eating our fruit in a robin-like way?

Frank H. Sweet.

"TWO IS COMPANY!"

WHEN she says, "Two is company, but Three is a crowd!"
Her meaning is very plain to see;
While that horrid waxen creature in her arms is allowed,
There is never any room for me!
Yes, plainly, *I'm* the one that's Three!

E. S. T.

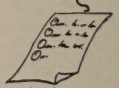
IN THE BREEZE.

THE Trees they are fanning themselves with their leaves—
They are fanning themselves, I repeat;
Can it be that they feel the warm rays of the Sun—
Can it be they are feeling the heat?

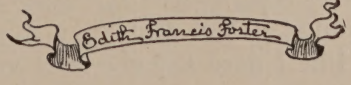
M. J. H.

JIMMY CROW

XI.

The first day Jack went to school in the fall, was very lonesome. The was near by, and about noon he flew over and hopped in at the open . All the were bending over their , writing, but Jimmy knew Jack's as well as his , and lighted on his . The children laughed at that, and the laughed too. hen she said, "If Jimmy Crow does not disturb anyone, he may stay, as it is nearly noon." The children promised not to be disturbed, and the went to work again. behaved beautifully, though at first he tried to walk on Jack's  and to bite his pencil. Jack pushed him away, and he flew to the teacher's where he walked about quietly, looking

at the and I of . When the lesson was finished, the teacher said, "Jack may collect the ". He got the and began, but Jimmy flew ahead of him, and picked up a pencil. Jack took it, and put it in the box. Then brought another. The were delighted. They held their pencils in their , and Jimmy Crow collected them all. Then the rang and the children marched out for and . When they came back, Jimmy Crow was gone! looked under the and in the . Then the looked in her closet, and there he sat on a . He had found her lunch- , and eaten a whole . Jack was very sorry, but the teacher only laughed. That afternoon Jimmy did not go to school, but brought her a big red and said it was from .



IN CHARGE OF BABY.

JUDY, A NAUGHTY DOG.

IF you could have seen Judy on the back porch keeping patient guard over Mrs. Lemond's little laughing baby-girl, you would not have believed that Judy could be naughty.

Well, you shall hear of two or three of her pranks, and then judge as to whether or not Judy was a rogue.

For some time, one summer, there had been hardly any eggs found in the hen-shed; and, at the same time, Judy's appetite had decreased to the notice of everybody.

At last Mr. Lemond's children, early one morning, hid behind a barrel where a large heap of egg-shells had been found the day before. They had not been long in their hiding-place, when Judy sneaked in. Yes, *sneaked* in; first she looked around in all directions, then she put one paw over the threshold and sniffed as though she would say, "There is something strange in the air!"

But I dare say she was very hungry for her breakfast. At

any rate Judy was soon near one of the nests, and stretching herself up to it, with a sharp whack she opened a nice warm egg and licked up the delicious contents with great relish. She was just about lifting her paw for a second whack on a second egg when the children burst from behind the barrel and off went Judy not to return until late afternoon, when she brought up the cows in a very proper way, and came for her usual cracker to the side-door, just as though nothing had happened but what was good and right.

The next day too Judy appeared at the side-door at the right hour for her cracker.

"Have you brought home the cows?" questioned old Hannah, as usual.

Judy wagged her tail, but that tail did not seem to Hannah to stand up joyfully, as it did when Judy felt that she had honestly earned her cracker, and Hannah thought it well enough to have a look into the barn; and sure enough the cows were not there.

"You naughty dog," Hannah scolded, "you go right down to the pasture and fetch those cows!"

Off Judy ran—do you think she knew she had told a falsehood?—and in a very short time there was such a stampede toward the barn that everyone ran to see; and there was Judy bringing in the cows at full speed. And then she came again, with her tail very joyfully wagging, for her cracker.

One cold day, in the winter, Mr. Lemond was at the well as usual to give the cows water. The path from the barn was very slippery, and it was very icy too about the pump, and it was slow business. After all had drank, Mr. Lemond spoke to Judy:

"Take the cows into the barn."

Judy at once barked as she did in the pasture, which meant "go!" and the cows started. Judy let them all pass along, in line, as cows ought. Then she followed, but she did not walk quietly, as a dog in charge ought to walk. Oh, no! She seized hold of the last cow's tail and had a beautiful slide to the barn, down the long, slippery path.

After Judy had indulged herself in these slides a few times, the cows became very nervous about going to the well, and she was given to a friend, and had to go away a long distance to live. But I dare say she found ways to amuse herself in her new home.

Helene H. Boll.

REASONING TOGETHER.

IF *I* had candy and *you* had none
Don't you think 'twould be lots of fun
If I should give some candy to you?
For then, you see, there'd be candy for two!

Now *you* have money and *I* have none,
And in the shop is a hot cross-bun,
So don't you think 'twould be fun for you
To buy that bun, and break it in two?

E. M. Boxley.

DOLLY STORIES.

IV.—Dotty Dimple.

ONE day when the snow was on the ground, one of Mama's grown-up friends came to see me, and she brought a lovely white primrose growing in a pot, and a new dolly! Oh, I was *so* pleased with both gifts! I thanked dear Miss Hattie Nesmith, for that was her name, and I said, "I shall always love you, for you are so good to a sick little girl."

Mama put the pretty plant on a table near my bed, and I held out my hands for dolly, and Miss Hattie placed her in my arms.

My new dolly was not very large for she was a baby, and she had on a long white dress trimmed with lace, and a little white woolen sacque tied with pink ribbons, and such a cunning little lace hood on her head! Her cheeks were pink, and she had a little bit of a dimple in her chin, so I named her "Dotty Dimple" after a little girl in a story-book.

I went to sleep with Dotty in my arms, and when I opened my eyes again I thought I was dreaming; but I found Dotty Dimple was a real dolly, not like those in dreamland. Miss Hattie had made a tiny blanket of pink and white stripes knit together, and when I woke Dotty was all covered up in it.

Mama said, "When you are able to walk again, you shall have a little doll-carriage for your baby, and the blanket will be very pretty to put over Dotty, when you take her out for an airing."

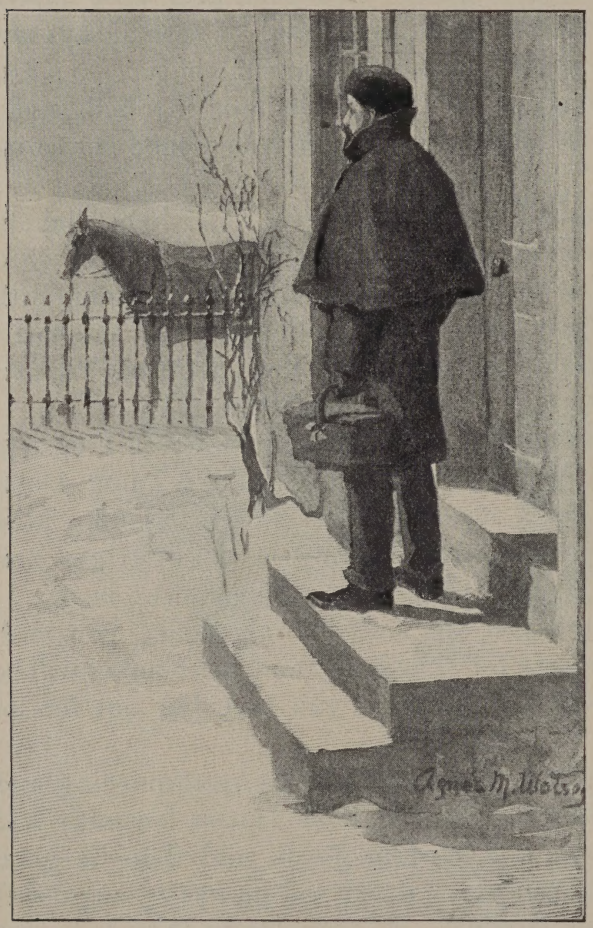
My good, kind doctor came to see me the next morning, and I asked him to guess what my dear Miss Hattie Nesmith had brought me. He tried and tried to guess, and then he gave up; then I showed him my new dolly, and he was so surprised! What do you suppose he did? He took Dotty Dimple in his arms, and he asked her, "What is your name, little stranger?"

I said, "Dotty Dimple," playing it was my dolly who answered.

Then he made believe he wanted to have a secret with her, so he held her up and whispered in her ear, and I heard all he

said for he whispered loud on purpose so I could hear. "Dotty, you are a pretty nice baby, and I think you will promise to help me get your little Mama well again." Dotty said, "Yes, doctor." You know I spoke for Dotty.

"Well," he said, "if you will coax your little Mama to try and leave her bed, and sit in the sunshine, I will bring you something pretty. It will be for your little Mama; but you can make believe it is yours."



ITS COVER WAS TIED DOWN WITH BLUE RIBBON.

Oh, I *know* Dotty wished very much to find out what my good doctor would bring, but he only smiled and said, "Now, little Mama, it is *your* turn to guess. It is not a dolly. It is white, and it is alive!"

One pleasant morning when Mama had put me in a chair for the first time, for I had not been able to move for many weeks, my good, kind doctor drove up to the door. He looked up to the window, and was so surprised to see me sitting there he waved his hand and cried out, "Brave little girl!"

Then he tied his horse, and made motions for me to shut my eyes. So I shut my eyes as tight as I could, and put my hands

over my face. Then I heard the doctor come up stairs and when he opened the door he said, "You may look now," so I opened my eyes, and he held out a basket with its cover tied down with blue ribbon.

Why, my dear doctor," I said, "what *have* you in this pretty basket?"

The doctor smiled and he said, "Now, little one, it is *your* turn to guess, for you have made me try so many times."

Well, I guessed, "Candy?" "No, try again;" and then I guessed, "Flowers?" "No." I could not think, so I gave up.

He put the basket in my lap, and told me to untie the cover. When I took off the cover what do you suppose I saw? Why, I *never* could have guessed! It was the dearest, sweetest little white kitty fast asleep in the basket, a real live baby cat!

"Oh doctor," I said, "is this darling kitty for me to keep, honest and true?" He told me it was all my own kitty to keep always, and I thanked him so much. Why, all at once I loved that dear little kitty nearly as much as I did my dollies!

Kitty looked like a little ball of white wool until he opened his round blue eyes, and put up his head and mewed. Oh he was such a dear, with a little pink nose, and such soft clean white fur! There was a tiny bell tied on a blue ribbon around his neck, and when Mama put kitty on the floor he walked so softly I could only hear the little bell tinkle. I named him Kit-Cat.

Mama got a ball of wool from her work-basket and I unwound it, and Kit-Cat would run after it when Mama dragged it across the floor. He would put out his little furry paws and try to hold the string! I laughed, and laughed, and so did Mama.

Kit-Cat was a great deal of company for he would curl himself up in my lap and sing himself to sleep in the sunshine. I would sit and listen to his song, and I said to Mama one day, "Mama, dear, I know the words to Kit-Cat's song! It sounds to me just as though he sings, "Love me! love me!"

If you listen to your kitty, you will hear him singing the same words my Kit-Cat sang a long time ago.

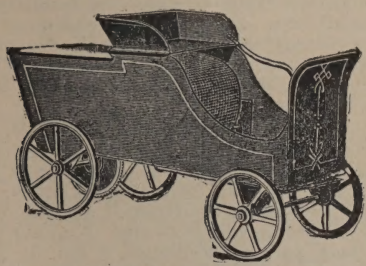
Ray Laurance.

FOUR LITTLE CHINESE OF SHANGHAI.

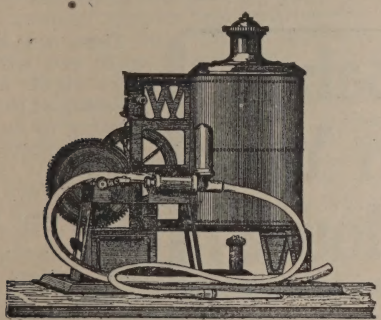
THREE LITTLE MISSIONARIES IN KINHWA, CHINA.

STEAM TOYS THAT WORK.

These toys are made by the Weeden Manufacturing Co , and are all guaranteed. Directions are given with each, and every engine is carefully tested before being sent out. Each one is safely packed in a wooden box. The parts are interchangeable and duplicates, if broken or injured, can be purchased of the manufacturers at New Bedford, Mass. These large and handsome machines make the most popular, interesting and instructive toys a boy can own.

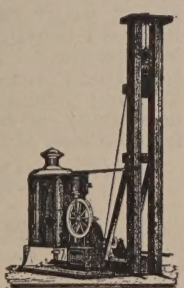


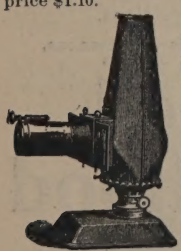
Locomobile. This is an exact reproduction of the Locomobiles seen on our streets at the present day. The motive power is steam. The boiler is placed under the seat. The steering lever is adjustable, so that the carriage can be run in either a straight or curved line. Sent post paid for three new subscribers, or for one new subscriber and $1.00. Cash price $2.00.



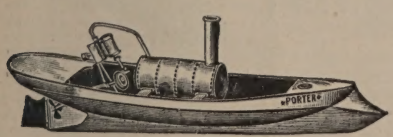
A Steam Force Pump and Steam Engine Combined. Throws a stream of water six feet. Sent post paid for two new subscribers and 10c., or for one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price $1.25.

Steam Pile Driver. This very interesting toy is finished in fine colors and is thoroughly tested before being sent out. Works like the large Pile Drivers. Sent post paid for two new subscribers or for one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price $1.10.

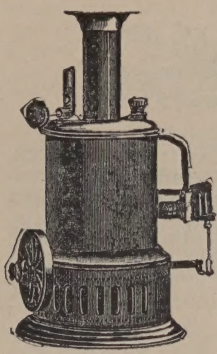




Brilliant Magic Lantern, with safety lamp and screw focal adjustment. Six slides with each lantern. (12 additional slides will be sent, postpaid, for one new subscriber.) Full directions for operating the lantern will be sent in the box. Sent post paid for two new subscribers, or for one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price $1.00.

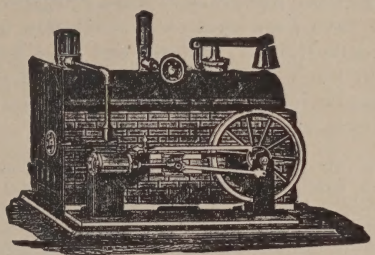


Steamboat. This steamboat has a nicely modelled hull (torpedo type), polished brass boiler, and presents a very attractive appearance. Length of hull, 15½ in. Sent post paid for two new subscribers and 10c. Cash price $1.35.

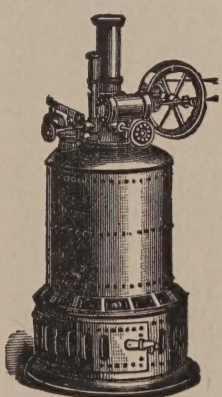


Upright Engine. This is simple, but strong and complete, perfect in all its parts. Stands 8½ inches high. Sent by mail for one new subscriber and 10c. Cash price 60c.

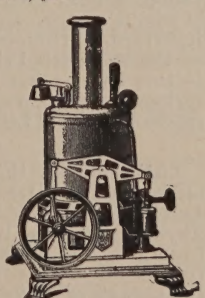
Hot Air Engine. This is a comparatively new toy and as it runs indefinitely without water or steam, is very interesting. Sent for two new subscribers and 10c., or for one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price $1.35.



Horizontal Engine. Made of polished brass and Russia iron. An eccentric on the crank shaft controls the valve rod, to which is attached the rocking valve, that by its motion lets the steam into and out of the cylinder. Sent post or express paid for three new subscribers and 10c. Cash price $2.00.



Steam Engine. This engine is made entirely of well tempered polished sheet brass. Steam chest, steam and exhaust pipe and whistle; whistle valve and throttle valve seats are cast in one piece. Exhausts steam through smoke stack, which no other makedoes. Sent post or express paid for two new subscribers or one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price post paid, $1.00.



Beam Engine. Has steam chest, cylinder, walking beam, eccentric rod and valves, balance wheel and pulley, all carefully and accurately put together. Sent post paid for three new subscribers and 20c. Cash price $2.25.

Locomotive and train. This is one of the most attractive steam toys a boy can find, as it is a complete working steam train. A circular track with metal rails and wooden ties is sent with each. Sent by express (not prepaid), for five new subscribers. Cash price (express not paid) $3.00. A special track mounted on boards in nine sections, each 14 inches long, with hinges, will be furnished for fifty cents extra.

Little Folks will be sent free for a year to any person securing two new subscribers.

All the children who were so much interested by the letter in the July Letter Bag from the little missionary girl at Kinhwa, China (the daughter of Rev. Thomas W. Holmes of the Eastern China Baptist Mission), will be pleased to find "Ellen's" picture in this number. It is on page 352. It is her brother Henry and sister Lois who are with her. Many of our readers, like little five-year-old Anna Margaret Seymour, have been most anxious lately about these little Holmes children, and they will be glad to know that the family safely reached Shanghai early in August, and are to sail for home at once.

NEW LONDON, IOWA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl five years old. I never have gone to school, except to Kindergarten, so I cannot write, only print. My mama is writing this for me as I tell her what to say. I like you very much—indeed, I just *love* you. I enjoy the "Yellow-Capped Monkey" story the best; I think Bee and Billy Boy Brown are very funny children. I wish there were eight or ten pages of letters to "Little Folks." I always enjoy them, and wish there were *many more*. I am sorry little Ellen Holmes is over in Kinhwa, China, for I fear those wicked Chinamen will kill her and her papa and mama. Oh, its "*awful*" the way the Chinamen are doing. I wish Ellen would come to our country. I have a little brother named Chalmers, a little over two years old, and a bird dog named "Wapallo Chick." A friend of my papa sent our bird dog to us from a "Doggery" in Pennsylvania. It is a very valuable dog. We are visiting at Grandpa Seymour's now, and soon we will move to Rockford, in Illinois, and we expect to go up on the Mississippi river. That is all this time. In this letter I send you thirteen new subscribers, and more to follow. Love to the readers of the "Little Folks."

Anna Margaret Seymour.

Little Folks has this month received very kind messages from Helen Marie Fritz, Hattie D. Lewis, Hazel H. Allred, Ethel Annie Wells, Tayma Bradshaw, Wilmer G. Price, Mary McCluer, Ruth B. Sylvester, Helen Thomas Smith (who thinks "*The White Pigeon of Belvoir*" the best story *Little Folks* has ever published), Brownie Norris, Beatrice Cochran, Margaret Lois McCoy (whose mama has just given her a chain bracelet, with seven little hearts on it, probably because Margaret Lois is just seven years old), Annie Charlotte Manning, Minnie Taylor, Fairman Crane, Jessie M. B. Ash, Gladys Estelle Wilgus (who, like hundreds of other children, delights in reading "*The Strange Adventure of Mazie*" in the November and December *Little Folks*), Irah and Vivien Bilheimer, Lulu May Mattoon, and C. Huntington Lathrop.

WASHINGTON, N. C.

Dear Little Folks:—I have been wanting to write to you ever since my Aunt Lucy gave you to me. I have two little kittens, one named "Alexander the Great," and the other "Schley," because he *is* so sly. We have some very pretty yellow chickens. I am six years old. I cannot write. My big brother wrote this for me. My big brother is now home for a vacation. He goes to a military school. My brother likes to play foot ball, and I like to play dolls. The pieces I like best are "Roggie and Reggie" and "Captain Kidd."

Elizabeth Blount Warren.

Baby in Your House?

Then we know what you will do—go right along guessing at things, trusting to luck.

Don't. Better ask questions. Keep your eyes and ears open. Learn what the best writers, the best mothers, the best doctors are saying. Perhaps it's some question of expectant motherhood that's puzzling you, or you want advice about feeding the year-old baby—we tell it all.

Each month you have articles from Mrs. Isabella McDonald Alden, "Pansy," the well-known writer and author; from Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, author of "Preparation for Motherhood," "The Care of Children," etc.; from Mrs. Cornelia E. James, Superintendent Training School for Kindergartners, Cincinnati, Ohio; and from a large number of prominent authors, editors, and physicians.

Send ten cents for a copy if you have not seen one, or one dollar for one year. Address

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DOHERTY & YOUNG, 121 LaSalle St., Chicago.

MOTHERS Your Children Cured of Bed-Wetting. Sample Free. Dr. F. E. May, Bloomington, Ill.

LEWISTON, ME.

Dear Little Folks:—My sister's name is Alice. My brother's name is Russel; and Russel and Alice call you "the Reggie and Roggie book." Sometimes when I come home from school, Alice says, "Doffy, your Reggie and Roggie book has come." For Alice and Russel like the story about Reggie and Roggie the best. *I* do not know which I like best.

Dorothy M. Geer.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Dear Little Folks:—I will now tell you of some adventures that I have had. I have been to nearly all of the canyons in Utah. When we were up East Canyon I fell in the creek. As it was not very swift I was soon rescued. I have also been to Denver. On coming back from Denver we stopped off at Colorado Springs, and walked up Pike's Peak and back. We went at night to see the sun rise. They believed that I was the first boy eight years old that ever climbed the peak. I have a bicycle and ride very much. *Rollin Scoville.*

(*From a little traveller in the Alps.*)

My Dear Little Folks:—We went up to the Rittnerhorn, where it was very pretty. At 3 o'clock we went away from Dreikirchen. We went up the footpath over Briol. Above there we went into the woods, where the way went up very steep. There we spent about an hour and a half, and then we came on a large Alp under the top of the mountain. On this Alp are little rocks, pines, and juniper trees. Here we were for a long time, and then we came to the top, to the hotel, where it was very beautiful. We saw the sun set and saw the moon rise. Then we went to eat something, and then we went to sleep. At half-past five we got up to see the sun rise; when we came up on the roof we saw first the moon set, and then we saw a red spot on the Marmolada, a snow mountain, and after five minutes the first sunbeams came to us, and in a little time the sun was quite up. Then we went to breakfast, and then we went out to look at the panorama. After we had looked at all there was there, we went down again. *Carl.*

CREVE COEUR, MO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am so glad my Aunt Mag sent you to me for a Christmas present, for my mama always reads me your nice stories when I cannot play outside. I haven't any papa, he died when I was only one year old—but my mama and brothers and sisters are so good to me—I expect it is because I am the baby and love them so. We live so near the school, I never miss a day unless I am sick; when the weather is bad my older brother takes me and my sisters up to the schoolhouse in his little two-seated wagon with his donkey; his donkey's name is Sanko. Some donkeys are mean but he is not; we often ride on his back. I have a little white and black dog his name is "Dottie" he will sit up in the corner and beg for his supper. I do not live far from St. Louis, my mama was going to the city to-day and take me but it has snowed all day so we did not go. I love to write letters and write to my aunt in Old Mexico when ever mama lets me.

Iona Margret Hilbert.

SAVINGS BANK that tells one's FORTUNE when a coin is dropped in it. Useful and entertaining. Sample 25c. G. W. ALLEN, Box 581, New Haven, Conn., *Dep't Q.*

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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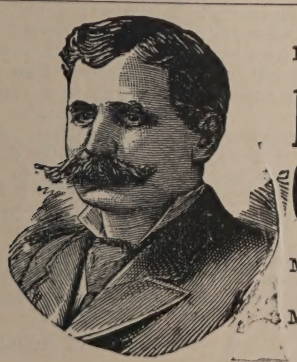
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.



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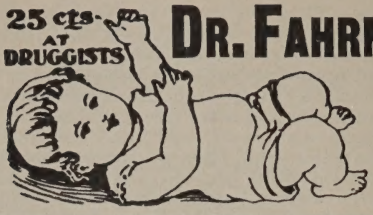
Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.



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THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 88 Park Place and 88 Barclay St., NEW YORK.

FRANCONIA, ALABAMA.

Dear Little Folks:—My auntie gave me a dollar Christmas and I am so glad to send it to have you come every month for I love our little magazine so much, and wish I knew how many little girls in Alabama take it. We have had some snow this winter, and how we did enjoy it, as we have it so seldom. It has been warm now for two weeks, and our yard is full of hyacinths and violets. I am eight years old, go to school in the country, and study Appleton's Introductory Fourth Reader, geography, arithmetic and word book. We study different poets on Friday afternoons and give quotations from them. I was so glad to read the two pieces in "*Little Folks*" about Longfellow and Tennyson. I have a dear little friend, Carrie Dean, who enjoys "*Little Folks*" as much as I do.

Sadie Glenn Somerville.

WEST BAY CITY.

My dear Little Folks:—I thought I would write to you, because I have seen so many letters in the Letter Bag from children. I have a dear little cat, whose name is "Kitty Carson," and she is very cute; every morning when I wake up she is on my bed, ready to play. One day she was up on a stool playing on the piano. I thought it very funny! I have a bicycle and a pony named "Beauty;" she is full-grown but is not four feet high; will come and eat out of my hand, and loves sugar and candy. I have a little cart and harness for her, she is a Welsh pony.

I haven't any sisters but two brothers who are both older than I am. *Little Folks* came when I was sick in bed. Mama read it to me and I enjoyed the stories very much. I like "Billy Boy Brown," "Yellow Capped Monkey."

There are three sugar factories in the Bay Cities, I have been through one and it is very interesting to see them make sugar out of sugar beets.

Sarah S. Kelton.

LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY

CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

All manuscripts and editorial matter should be sent to the editors at Warner, N. H.

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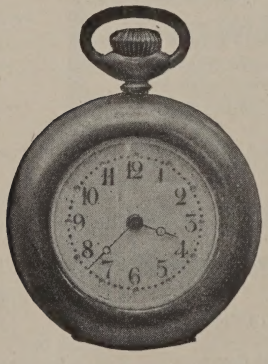

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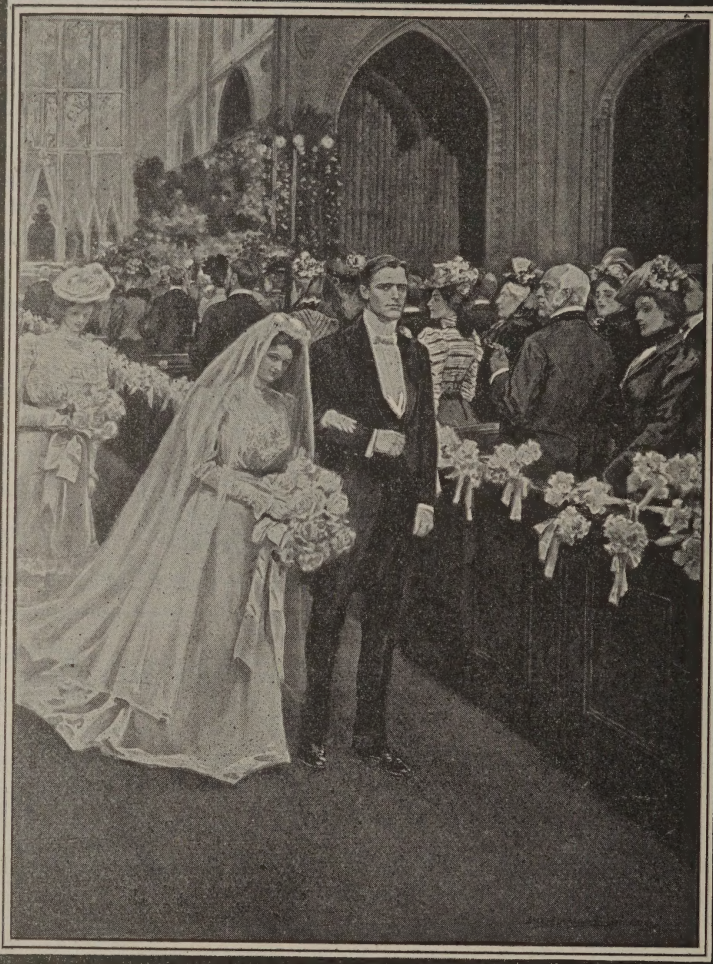

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